THE

POTTERS' EXAMINER

AND WORKMAN'S ADVOCATE.

"GOD, AND OUR RIGHT."

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TO WILLIAM RIDGWAY, ESQ.

SIR,

If ever I felt a diffidence in *opposing* the public sentiments of any individual it is at the present time. If ever I experienced the combination of antagonistic feelings and respect to private worth it is, sir, at this moment, in addressing myself to one, whose goodness and benevolence as a man throw a lustre over his conscientiously entertained errors as a merchant, and as a politician. Nevertheless, when the errors to which I allude are of great social importance, and when the individual who entertains those errors is possessed of much political power, I feel that there are other and more powerful motives than that of respect to private worth that should influence my conduct in exposing the errors and abuses which so plentifully prevail in all the institutions of this classridden country; and which have so abundantly produced, throughout the length and breadth of the land, disease, poverty, crime and misery. But, sir, if I should, in the remarks which I am about to make, advance one sentiment in opposition to truth, or injure, in the slightest degree, one feeling of your charitable mind, I must beg you, to attribute the former to *conscientious* ignorance and the latter to verbal inadvertence; for, I assure you, that the object of the present letter is not to wound the heart, but to improve the understanding.

With this feeling, then, I shall proceed to examine the sentiments you advanced at a dinner, given, some time ago, to J. L. Ricardo, Esq. M. P. by his constituents, at Burslem. At that dinner you are reported to have said, "that machinery had been of immense advantage to the community generally, although, no doubt, it had borne heavily on some individuals."

That every improvement in Science has added, and ever will add, to the *wealth* of the nation no one can, consistently, deny; but that it has added, or that it ever will add, under the present mal-administration of affairs, to the *happiness*, or *comfort*, of the nation no one, the least acquainted with the present position of the people, or the least conversant with the past history of the country, will dare to affirm.

If we take into consideration the condition of the people some sixty, or seventy, years ago we shall find, that the *necessaries* of life were supplied in abundance to all;—that no man, with the power and inclination to work, was necessitated, for the space of a single day, to remain without employment. Indeed, if we go but a few years prior to the time specified, we shall find Acts of Parliament expressly prohibiting the working man from asking more than a Law-regulated price for his labour; and, also, making it criminal for one of the labouring class to wear other than a plain, substantial suit of clothes, unembroidered,—free from the gewgaws of of nobility. The cause,—for it is with the cause alone that we have here to do, the Acts themselves being those of tyranny,—*the cause* of these prohibitions originated, mark me well, in the working classes possessing the *power to demand* what price they chose for their labour; and, also, in having the *means to purchase*, as fancy dictated, either a dress of Linseywoolsey, or a doublet of Satin. And now let me ask,—how came it that the working classes possessed that power and these means? *Because* the demand for labour exceeded the supply. In this reasoning, I am sure, you will agree with me, as the induction, which I have here made, is in perfect accordance with the principles of the *school* to which you belong. But more of this hereafter. It is enough for my present purpose to prove (what few, if any, will deny) that human labour, previous to the introduction of machinery, or rather its monstrous increase, was in full demand, and well paid for. In addition to the reasons given

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above, I may cite others of a more definite character, and taken, as is customery in such enquiries as the present, from the staple trade of the country ;—namely, the Cotton Trade. Mr. Guest, in his History of the Cotton Manufacture, states that, at the time of which I write, "the weavers, generally, had the weft they used spun for them by the females of their family, and those weavers, whose families could not furnish the necessary supply of weft, had their spinning done by their neighbours; and it was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in a morning, and call on five or six spinners, before he could collect weft to serve him for the remainder of the day." From this, it will be seen, that there was a demand for human labour, far beyond the supply, in the spinning department of the Cotton Business, which does not exist at the present day. The weaver, too, could not supply the demand made upon his services, from the utter inability of his own family, or the families of his neighbours, to produce the requisite amount of spun cotton. These were glorious days! The Distaff and Spindle, alone, would, in Lancashire, supply nearly all the wants of a thrifty family ; and the weaver could command, according to Gasgel's, "Artizans and Machinery," £1. 9s. 0d. for merely weaving a six quarter sixty reed Cambric, 120 picks in one inch. But, alas, at the present day he can get for the same only 4s. and 6d.. And why is this? How comes it that there is such a vast reduction in the price of labour in so short a time? *Because iron and steam have superseded blood and bones*—I mean adult blood and bones, not infant's. The inventions and discoveries introduced by Arkwright, Cartwright, and Watt, and improved upon by others, have raised an insuperable barrier between the working man and prosperity. If we look into the past we shall find, according to Baines's Lancashire, vol. 1, p. 119, "that, such is the economy of labour introduced by the use of machinery, that *one* man and four *children* will *spin* as much yarn as was spun by *six hundred women and girls* fifty years ago." There is the "Iron man," too, or "Self-acting Mull,' one of the many *weaving* machines, whose single power is equal to that of two hundred and seventy individuals—and all introduced, sir, according to your statement, for the benefit of the nation ;—for the "immense advantage of the community generally." Sir do the vast populations of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Manufacturing districts of Scotland, form *no* portion of the community generally?" Does Leeds, with her nineteen thousand, human skeletons starving on *eleven-pence farthing per week* ;—does Paisley, with her fourteen thousand more ;—do Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Spitlefields, and a host of other places, with their cellers of human wretchedness and woe, form *no* portion of the "community generally?" If they do not, what in the name of wonder does the „community generally" consist in? Perhaps, the Ridways, the Ashworths, the Gregs, the Marshals, and that *numerous* class to which they belong, form alone, "the community generally?" If so, I shall be enabled, by this *new light* on the body politic, to discover that "some" on whom, you say, machinery "had borne heavily." Sir, sir, this is very illogical, and very unchristian like! Such, sir, is the view that I take of the present application of machinery ; and its consequent effects on the working population of this country. In some future number it is my intention to enter more at large into the detail of this momentous subject ;—such as the average price provisions, clothes, and housing in past and present times ;—the nature of the Funding System,—Fixed Incomes ;—and who the parties are that are alone benefited by the introduction of mechanical and chemical power in the production of wealth ;—but, for the present, I must content myself in guarding you against falling into an error by supposing, from the sentiments here expressed, that I am desirous for the destruction of all machinery. Nothing of the sort, I know, full well, that if the whole of the machinery in the country were destroyed to-morrow the intellect, or rather the principles, that produced that machinery would not be destroyed ; and, consequently, that, if the principles remained, the very nature of present society would call, again, the same amount of mechanical power into existence, as was in being before. It is to the misapplication of machinery that I direct my complaints, and the misapplications lone. I feel, as a working man, and a native of the land, that I have a claim on the government of my country for profitable employment for myself, and family ; and if mechanical power coming into competition with, should supercede, my labour I then demand, not the destruction of machinery, but protection from its murderous operations ;—and I demand this protection from the strongest of all earthly motives and the greatest of all earthly rights ;—namely, the love of life and the right to live! I believe, that machinery, by wise and just legislative enactments, might be made to work for instead of against, the working classes ; and that the highest duty, which any government has, or ever will have, to perform, is to supply, to the full, all the wants of the people, before one particle of the nation's wealth be exported to supply the wants of foreigners ; and this I believe to be a fundamental principle in the construction of all good and equitable governments ; established by the creator amongst the natural rights of man, capable of diffusing plenty and happiness throughout the great body of society,—of turning the greatest of all civilized curses into the greatest of all civilized blessings, and of defending, throughout all countries and throughout all times, the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the world!

MENTOR.

To the Editor of the Potters' Examiner and Workman's Advocate.

Mr. Editor,

You are doubtless aware that, at the present moment, there is a strike pending betwixt two of our Manufacturers and their men :—I mean Messrs. Mason and Harkwoods, and as your little periodical is open for the exposition of all local abuses, whether relating to masters or men, I shall proceed to lay before you, and through your medium before the public, some of the abominable abuses practised at these places.

I do this, because, by this means, the public, generally, will be enabled to judge of the reasonableness of their conduct. These men have been denounced as mad; as innovaters on the rights and privileges of their employers; and not a few (who ought to know better) have whispered, that the men were doing well, and ought to be satisfied.

Let the following facts speak for themselves. To begin with Harkwood's. At this place the men have been suffering for a considerable length of time. They have been robbed, weekly, of a third, a half, and sometimes more, of their wages. I said "robbed," and I will not "eat" my words. For, what else can you call it than robbery when a man, after having toiled from morning to evening, from Monday to Saturday, harder than a slave at the galleys, in the hope of providing, comfortably for the wants of his family, does not get paid, at the most, for more than two thirds of the work that he has done. Here is a sample. A Platemaker, after having worked himself almost to the death, and sent his work good from his own hand, when he goes into the warehouse to receive an account of it, after it has been fired, instead of receiving an account of the whole that has gone into the oven finds, to his sorrow, that, out of 120 dozen of plates he must only be paid for 70 dozen. "But" say some, "the ware was bad." Stop, friend: do you call it bad when they can afford to print it, and send it into the glost warehouse? Methinks masters are not wont to go to the expense of printing bad ware, and selling it for best.

And this, sir, is not done occasionally, but regularly, week after week, and month after month. It has become quite systematized: and men have borne with it until they can bear it no longer nor is it a solitary individual who has had thus to suffer. The same system has been carried out with the other branches. I could tell you of Hollow-ware Pressers, of Saucer-makers, of Dish-makers, and others besides, who have all been subject to this wholesale robbery. But the instance I have given you is sufficient. As is the sample so is the sack. Was it not time for the men to do something? Are men to lose their sweat, blood, muscles, bones and all, and, when they have done, to receive nothing for it? Perish the thought! They have done so long enough; and the Potters, to a man, from Mear Heath, to Goldenhill, have determined that they will do so no more!!

But our tale is only half told; the worst is to come. Not content with taking so much of their blood; not satisfied with the profit already realized, this manufacturer wished to get more. Like the horse leech, when full almost to bursting, still he cries give, give! Not content with Shylock's Pound, he wished to have the whole body, blood, muscles, bones, and all. The men were not ground down low enough, yet;—they were not weak enough, yet. We must take another step;—have another pull at what little they had. A curious idea, one day, came into his head—I cannot say whether asleep or awake —and it was, that Plates might, very comfortably, be dispensed with. I suppose he thought they were too large;—that other men were like his own;—had not quite so much beef to put on them as they formerly had. Be that as it may, he resolved that, henceforward, he would make no more Plates; that is, he would make them just the same as usual, only, he would give them another name and call them Twifflers; the Twifflers he would call Muffins, and the Muffins he would send to God knows where. In plain terms, sir, he told the men, that they must make Plates at the same price as Twifflers; and Twifflers, as Muffins. Now this, sir, would make a reduction of betwixt three and four shillings in the pound; and, in some instances, more than that. But the men would not take that. It was too much. Their stomachs could not digest such heavy food! They detailed their case to their fellow workmen, and these sympathized with them; and, thinking that they had been oppressed long enough, they resolved that they should no longer be half starved, and work hard in the bargain, but, that they should be taken on the funds, and kept without work until their master awoke from his dream, and came to his proper senses. The consequence was they struck work.

They have now been on strike more than two months; and, I believe, are willing to try as many more months, if necessary; and, although their master has used all the power he could summons, and all the art his ingenuity could devise,—although he now thinks he has partially succeeded in beating his men, there is no ground for fear! Tis true he has, at length, succeeded in finding out a "tool" to suit his purposes, yet he is far from having obtained a victory! Let not the men on strike be discouraged; only let them remain firm and all will be well!!

A. FLAT.

To the Editor of the Potters' Examiner.

Sir,

According to announcement in your last weeks paper the operative Painters and Gilders, met on Tuesday evening last at the New Inn, New Street, Hanley. The meeting was conducted in a peaceable and orderly manner, and important steps were taken to consolidate the

power of the branch. On Tuesday Evening next, at the same place, another special general meeting will be held, which will take into consideration the means requisite to unite their body with that of the United Branches of Operative Potters: an object which they seem extremely anxious to accomplish.

AN OPERATIVE GILDER.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Mountford in our next

Dick the coal gatherer. We are sorry that press of matter will preclude our introducing this article this week.

W. B. It is matter of regret that this excellent paper came too late for insertion this week.

Address;---Working Man's Hall. This important paper in our next.

Our correspondents are requested to be more particular in the writing of articles sent for insertion; the Printer has had great difficulty in deciphering some that have been received. It would also oblige, if the paper be written on one side only.

All communications to the Editor to be addressed "Examiner Office, Tontine Street, Hanley."

THE POTTERS' EXAMINER.

And Workman's Advocate.

DECEMBER *9th*, 1843.

Our little bark is now fairly launched on the troubled waters of public life;---on the boisterous sea of diversified opinion. That we shall meet many and various obstacles in our onward progress is the settled conviction of our mind:---that storms will come;--- that the elements of all taste, opinions, and interests may war against us,---but, with a strong bark and an honest, steady crew, we hope to overcome all difficulties and ultimately arrive, with sound timbers, into the long-wished-for haven of remunerated labour!

The enemies of industry are busily at work. From a letter in another page it will be seen, that the Messrs. Hackwoods have, at length, procured a "tool" sufficiently lost to every principle of moral justice as to become the *living pulley* of an *almost dead machine* to work out the objects of a few petty tyrants. The facts, detailed in that epistle, will show, to the public, that the strike, now pending between the Messrs. Hackwoods and their men, is highly justifiable on the part of the latter, and calls for the immediate sympathy of every rightminded member of society; but, more especially, for the sympathy of every honest *uncompeting* manufacturer.

It is surprising to what means tyranny will resort to accomplish its objects. There is nothing too vile for its purpose, or too bad for its ends. The Messrs. Hackwoods, having secured a man whose present conduct is storing up years of future pain; whose character will receive a blot that gold can never remove; whose peace will be marred by the scorn and contempt of his much injured class; and on whose forehead, like the brand-mark of Cain, disgrace will letter RENEGADE. the Messrs. Hackwoods, having secured the service of this man, proceed at once to fortify him against the reasoning and expostulation of his fellow workmen. And by what means think you? by storing his mind with facts and arguments as to the *necessity* of his conduct?-- by instilling into his heart principles to prove the justice of his cause? oh, no! Having lost one or two men, under similar circumstances, from trusting to *such broken reeds*, they, wisely, resorted to the assistance of a physical-force police to establish the *moral justice* of their cause. Oh, Equity, what a fact is here! what a splendid specimen of even handed justice!! what *honourable* employment for a civil force!!! Pshaw!

Think you, gentle readers, that if ten, or a hundred, or a thousand, nay, the whole working population of the Staffordshire Potteries had gone in a body, covered with rags, meager with want, old and young, wife and widow, hungry, squallid, stark and bare; think you, we ask, that if this popular mass of human wretchedness had proceeded in one, long melancholy procession to the captain of the police of this neighbourhood, and had complained to him, of the starving state in which they were placed from the avarice and tyranny of their employers, that he, or any of the parties to whom he is but an underling, would have sympathized with their sufferings, and have granted them a body of men to intimidate those employers into a raise of wages? How absurd seems the question! Why, we might as well look for sympathy in the moon as to look for anything like human kindness in parties like these; and yet, the Messrs. Hackwoods succeeded; they procured a body of police to obstruct a few honest, plain-spoken, working men from *reasoning* with a fellow-man on the *morality*, or rather immorality, of his conduct, verily, friends,

'A fellow feeling makes us wonderous kind!"

and no doubt, the hearts of Captain Lance and his men were brim full to overflowing.

We beg to call the attenton of our friends to a short note, in another part of the paper, from John Knight and James Lees. It is the duty of every member of the Union to render all the assistance in his power to forward the object of these two individuals. It is a principle, which we should always keep clearly before our minds, *that all our little social and domestic wants should be supplied if possible, by those, only, who are favourable to our union.*

We have to congratulate Mason's Turnouts on their steadiness and zeal in defending the rights of labour. Let them persevere in their manly and straight-forward conduct, and all will yet end well. We understand we shall have to insert a detailed account of their grievances in our next number. Good!

THE PATRIOT.

(Continued from our last.)

We have said, that the honest collier bent almost horizontally, under the weight of cole which he brought on his back, this when the lump or "cobble" as he termed it, was removed was found to be incorrect. as Long Tom Black had received in his youth, when working in the pits, a severe injury on the lower part of the spine, which bent his body almost at right angles with his long thin legs, and gave to his poor crippled person, the appearance of an ungainly signpost. He was dressed in the uncouth habiliments of his class,---namely, a small round scullcap,---known by the name of "Tommy Hat," a pair of loose dirty trowsers, so mended and patched, that it would be difficult to say which formed the foundation of the harlequin garb, and a coarse woolen frock, thrown open at the breast, displaying to the world the browned and blackened skin,---the long seams and blue scars, received and suffered in Fifty Years of a Collier's life ; for be it remembered, Poor Tom, although a cripple, had still followed his villanously paid employment in the murderous mine.

"Well, now dame, said the honest man, having drawn the bench close to the hearth, placed the candle on the stool, and stired up the fire into a cheerful blaze, now dame let me hear all thy troubles, for thou knowest well, that all that old Tom Black has, is at thy service. First of all, let me know how thy daughter Jane is, and then tell me of thy future prospects.

A short pause succeeded this request, when young Stanton, (for such was the poor widow's family name,) mournfully remarked."

"It appears Mr. Black"--

"*Mister*," repeated the homely collier, interupting Charles Stanton, and placing emphasis on the word *Mister*, Black,---I dont like that mode of expression, Charles, it may do for old Sparrow, but it will not do for plain Tom Black ; Thomas or Long Tom, but none of your Misters.

"Well then, friend Thomas,"--

"Aye, that will do,"

I was about to say, continued the youth, that my mother seems two full of sorrow to gratify your request, but if you will allow me, I will give you an unvarnished statement of our present position, and future prospects ; not that I wish by so doing, to excite your sympathy, for heaven knows, you have been too kind to us already, you have even sacrificed your,--"

"Well, well,---let that pass,---to the point Charles ?"

You are full aware, then friend Thomas, that since my Father's death, my poor sister Jane, who is now so very ill, in the room above, has been the sole stay, and prop, of our house. She has toiled from morning till night, and from night till morning,---she has risen in the cold, dark, wintry mornings, when snow covered the ground, and all nature was hard and piercing, and has gone forth to her employ, barely covered with rags ; she has brought home, week after week, her hard-earned pittance, and has cheerfully devoted the same to the wants of the family : she has, even when our food has been more scarce than usual, eaten less herself, that we might have more, and now, continued the youth, convulsively, she is dying ! --yes dying from want.

Dying ! cried Long Tom, interupting young Stanton, and at the same time dashing a tear from his hard black face,---dying didst say ? here man, take this continued he, hastily emptying on the three-legged stool, the contents of his pockets, which consisted of four penny pieces, and three-half-pence, making in the whole, five-pence- halfpenny, take it man take it, dying didst say ! take it and go buy some food, 'tis all I have now but I shall have more to-morrow, take it man, take it !

Thus ran on the honest, good-natured collier, when he was interupted by Charles Stanton.

Put your money up friend Thomas,--- put it up ; you want is nearly as bad as our ourselves. Well, if you wont, continued the youth, may God reward you for your kindness, But, proceeded Charles, as my sister has fallen into a slumber, I will continue my tale for the present, and go for some food, the moment she awakes I wish to have your advice, friend Thomas, how we are to proceed, under our present trying circumstances. You are fully aware, that my poor father's health, and spirits, were broken by the persecution he met with, for advocating the cause of the working classes, You are also aware, that his death, was hastened by the want of proper food, caused by the want of employment, which he could not procure from the antipathy which manufacturers and their myrmidons, had towards him, from his having taken a conspicuous part in the public procedings of working men. you are also further aware, that the same persecution, which tracked my poor father to the grave, is now hunting me, like a wild beast, through society, from having followed in his steps, denying me employment, defaming my name, and heaping on the head of my poor widowed mother, all that hatred, malice, and revenge, can produce. But you are not aware that one of the fiends has plotted, and accomplished the destruction of my sister. You are not aware, that she, who is now dying in the room above, is the victim of a devil, who, playing upon her fears, (not her affections, she abhored the monster !) accomplished his object, by making starvation a means to the completion of his damnable end. He spoke of want of employ, which would he said, be the consequence of non-compliance with his lecherous desires, he portrayed in the blackest colours, the misery that would be entailed on her friends, who depended on her labour for support, if she should not accede to his vampire wishes ; and my poor sister, to save her family, destroyed her self. Oh God, friend Thomas, 'tis a fearful thing to have strong human feelings, under circumstances like these. I could clutch the monster, thus, yea, and strangle him, without remorse. But he is free, and perhaps 'tis well. The offspring of this illicit intercourse is a fine rosy boy, it sleeps by the side of its dying mother, but the father I

can learn, from my poor mother's conduct, will not grant it the least assistance,

"You are quite right, Charles," said the weeping widow; "for after having been denied an interview, and waiting in the cold, wet, street, until my very heart seemed chilled within me, the only answer I got, on seeing the unfeeling man, when he left the manufactory, was,

'Pooh, pooh, my good woman!---you frighten yourself unnecessarily about this daughter of yours. Workmen's wenches are like cats, they have nine lives. There is but one of your girl's gone at present, it will take forty years to destroy the remaining eight,' after uttering which, he strode a head and left me behind,"

What dost call him ?---how does he look ?---where does he live?' cried Long Tom; hastily rising from the bench, and clenching, violently, his large black fist.

But, before the widow could return an answer to this string of questions, a strange, unnatural jabbering was heard on the stairs; Long Tom looked at the widow, the widow looked at her son, and the whole seemed fixed speechless with horror.

Young Stanton was the first to rush to the stairs' door, to ascertain the cause, when, oh sorrow, what a scene was there!

Drawn up in a corner, and crouched into the smallest possible compass, with her child folded to her bosom, eyes wild and wandering, and every expression to denote hopeless insanity, was poor Jane Stanton. Her long black hair hung disheveled over her exposed neck and shoulders, and there was that in the expression of her thin pallid face, her poor attenuated body, that spoke most eloquently, of days of toil, and nights of suffering; yet, through all, beauty was there, she was beautiful even in madness!

"What is the matter Jane?, gasp'd the youth, "what in the name of wonder, has induced you to rise from your bed, and you so ill as you are?"

"Oh, they are there," wispered she wildly.

"Who there?---what there!" cried Charles.

"Large staring eyes, eyes that want my child," said she folding the babe still closer to her breast.

„Oh mother, my sister is deranged," groaned the youth, and the poor widow sunk into a swoon,

Long Tom rushed into the court, shouting for assistance, and calling upon the widow at the same time, not to "take it so hard,"

In a short time, the widow's dwelling was filled by the surrounding neighbours, a squalid congregation of rags and wretchedness, who where eagerly willing to render any assistance, which lay in their power.

Some conveyed the poor maniac back to her bed, others attended to the insensible widow; whilst Long Tom Black seized the pence off the stool, and ran, as well as he was able, to a neighbouring store, to purchase a little provision for the poor widow, and her starving family.

(To be continued.)

A CATECHISM

For the use of the Swinish Multitude, necessary to be had in all Sties.

(Concluded from our last.)

Q. Do they promise beforehand to take care of you?

A. Yes; and forget to perform it afterwards.

Q. But you choose another agent when one has betrayed you?

A. Vary often we cannot. Nay, one of the drivers the other day, told the hogs on his farm, that he had bought them and would sell them.

Q. What is the advantage of being an agent?

A. Some court the office merely for the honour, but all the knowing ones are hired by the governors to say none of them are hired, and they are all chosen by *the free sense of the swinish multitude.*

Q. How many are hired?

A. A majority.

Q. How much is reckoned decent wages?

A. Nothing under the price of several hundred hogs.

Q. Do they ever graciously condescend to inform you of their resolutions?

A. They write copies of them and send them about.

Q. *Gratis* of course?

A. No; but they will let us have a copy for a few dozens of potatoes.

Q. The resolutions however are easy to read?

A. Scarcely one of us in twenty can read at all, for we are told by our drivers that we ought to be ignorant.

Q. Are they sincere in this?

A. Very sincere; for they are constantly rewarded in proportion to their own ignorance. But alas! if we could read, it would be nothing, for the resolutions are not written in English.

Q. No; they are written I know, in *Hog Latin*, but that I took for granted you understand?

A. Shameful aspersion on the hogs! the most inarticulate grunting of our tribe is sense and harmony compared to such jargon.

Q. Do not your drivers then appoint interpreters for you?

A. Yes; that they would call in their own case *buying a pig in a poke.*

Q. What are the interpreters called?

A. *The Black letter Sisterhood.*

Q. Why do they give the office to women?

A. Because they have a fluent tongue and a knack at scolding.

Q. How are they dress'd?

A. In *gowns* and *false hair.*

Q. What are the principal orders?

A. Three; *Writers, Talkers,* and *Hearers*; which

last, are likewise called *Deciders*.

Q. What is their general business?

A. To discuss the mutual quarrels of the hogs, and to punish affronts to any or all of the drivers.

Q. How can one hog affront all the drivers?

A. *By speaking the truth.*

Q. What is the truth?

A. What is that to you.

Q. If two hogs quarrel, how do they apply to the *sisterhood*?

A. Each hog goes separately to a *writer*.

Q. What does the *writer*?

A. She goes to a *talker*.

Q. What does the *talker*?

A. She goes to a *hearer* or *decider*.

Q. What does the *hearer* decide?

A. What she pleases.

Q. If a hog is decided to be in the right, what is the consequence?

A. He is *almost* ruined.

Q. If in the wrong?

A. He is *quite* ruined.

Q. What is the true reason of this practice?

A. The ease and interest of the *sisterhood*. If it were otherwise, they would have more work and less wages.

Q. What is the pretended reason?

A. That they are afraid we should never have done quarrelling if they shou'd easily settle our disputes.

Q. That is, they pull out your tusks that you may not bite each other. Is not this reason mockery as well as oppression?

A. No; they tell us that what has been done ought to be done again.

Q. Do none of the drivers take compassion on you, when they see you thus "grunt and sweat under a weary life?"

A. Several agents in the sub-meeting have proposed schemes for our relief, but have always been overpowered by a great majority.

Q. Could that majority give any reasons for their behaviour?

A. Nine.

Q. Name the first?

A. They said for their parts they were very well contented as they were.

Q. The second?

A. They believed the present system of hog-driving would last out their time.

Q. The third?

A. The chief hog-driver had published an advertisement against giving the hogs any relief.

Q. The Fourth?

A. The hogs are very desirous to have some relief.

Q. The fifth?

A. The hogs were in perfect tranquility at present.

Q. The sixth?

A. The hogs were in a violent ferment at present.

Q. The seventh?

A. The hogs were too good to need relief.

Q. The eighth?

A. The hogs were too bad to deserve relief.

Q. The ninth?

A. If they gave us what was right, they could not help giving us what was wrong.

Q. How do you look when you hear such a mass of lies and nonsense?

A. *We stare like stuck pigs.*

Q. But you are vastly superior in numbers and strength, how are you kept quiet under such compl cated injuries?

A. By force and art.

Q. By what force?

A. By twenty thousand *hogs in armour.*

Q. By what art?

A. By sowing the seeds of discord among us.

Q. Whom do employ to sow the seeds of discord?

A. *The ministers of peace.*

Q. How do these ministers execute their commission?

A. They tell the simple hogs that their brethren mean to cut the throats of their drivers, and then to turn drivers, themselves,

Q. How do these hogs treat the obnoxious swine?

A. They burn down their sties and eat up their meal and potatoes.

Q. Have the *ministers of peace*, as you call them, any other employment?

A. Yes; they tell us from time to time that unless we believe all that they say, and do all that our drivers bid us, we shall infallibly go to the devil.

Q. Do they themselves believe what they teach you? (Hog shakes his head.) Why do you hesitate? Do they themselves believe what they teach you?

A. They believe that it is for their own interest that we should believe it.

Q. How are the peacemakers rewarded?

A. With our potatoes.

Q. What with all?

A. Ten per cent only.

Q. Then you have still ninety left in the hundred?

A. No; we have only forty left.

Q. What becomes of the odd fifty?

A. The drivers take them, partly as a small recompense for their trouble in protecting us, and partly to make money of them for the prosecution of law suits with the neighbouring farmers.

Q. Do they not reserve for their own use ten times as many as they want?

A. They eat till they are full, and pelt each other with the remainder.

Q. You talk very sensibly for a hog; whence had you your information?

A. From a learned pig.

Q. Are there many learned pigs in the country?

A. Many; and the number daily increases.

Q. What say they of the treatment which you suffer?

A. That it is shameful, and ought to be redressed.

Q. What do the drivers say to these hogs?

A. That the devil is in them.

Q. It is a devil of their own conjuring: but what do the drivers do to these pigs?

A. They knock them down.

Q. Do all the learned pigs make the same complaint?

A. All, for the instant a pig defends the contrary opinion, he resumes his old form, and becomes, a *real man master and tormentor general of innocent animals.*

Q. Are there any other methods of recovering the human shape?

A. None, but a promise to treat the herd we have left with exemplary severity.

Q. Who disenchants you?

A. The governor of the sub-meeting must always consent, but the ceremonies of transformation vary.

Q Give me an instance of a ceremony?

A. The hog that is going to be disenchanted grovels before the *chief driver*, who holds an iron skewer over him, and gives him a smart blow on the shoulder, in token of former subjection and future submission. Immediately he starts up, like the devil from Ithuriel's spear, in his proper shape, and ever after goes about with a *nick name.* He then beats his hogs without mercy; and when they implore his compassion and beg him to recollect that he was once *their fellow swine*, he denies that ever he was a hog.

Q. What are the rights of an hog?

A. To be whipt and bled by men.

Q. What are the duties of a man?

A. To whip and bleed hogs.

Q. Do they ever bleed you to death?

A. Not always; the common method is to bleed us by intervals.

Q. How many ounces do they take at a time?

A. That depends upon the state of the patient. As soon as he faints they bind up the wound; but they open his veins afresh when he has a little recovered the loss, hence comes the proverb *to bleed like a pig.*

Q. What is the liberty of a hog?

A. To choose between half starving and whole starving.

Q. What is the property of a hog?

A A wooden trough: food and drink just enough to keep in life; and a truss of musty straw, on which ten or a dozen of us *pig together.*

Q. What dish is most delicious to a driver's palate?

A. A hog's pudding.

Q. What music is sweetest to a driver's ear?

A. Our shrieks in bleeding.

Q. What is a driver's favourite diversion?

A. To set his dogs upon us.

Q. What is the general wish of the hogs at present?

A. *To save their bacon.*

CHORUS OF HOGS.—AMEN.

To the Editor of the Potters' Examiner.

Sir.

You will perhaps have no objection of allowing us, through the medium of your paper, to inform our friends and the public of the steps we are about to take to remove ourselves off the funds of the union. After suffering for some time in the Good Cause, we have at length come to the resolution of commencing on a small scale, in the sale of Blacking and Furniture and Brass Paste. &c. &c. so that any little custom, which our brethren in the Union, or the public at large, may have to give relative to these articles, will be thankfully received, and gratefully remembered, by

Yours in the bonds of Union,

JOHN KNIGHT, JAMES LEES.

Hanley, Dec. 12th, 1843.

Poetry.

HOW DO POOR MEN LIVE?

Say! "How do poor men live?" in sooth
The question is a queer one;
But if the rich would learn the truth,
Why, let them patient hear one

"How do poor men live?" In sadness,
I will borrow
A transient gleam of gladness-
Amid my life of sorrow —
To tell the rich and Idle clown,
How all my hopes of life have been cut down,

Aye! "How do poor men live?" They do not live!
Their days are spent in wretchedness; they give
Their strength, their health, their labour, to create
The wealth of villains whom they fear to hate —
Base paltry villains, who, with proud pretence,
Suppose the poor are void of common sense —
Deceptive scoundrels, whose smooth oily tongues,
Cajole the victims whom their avarice wrongs.

"How do poor men live?" from morn
'Till night they ceaseless labour —
Neglected, faint, forlorn,
Cursed with the weight of rich men's scorn,
And jealous of their neighbour,
'Tis a sad picture, but I give
It as the true one, "How poor men do live."

But say, shall this continue? Shall mankind
Go darkling on to all good feelings blind?
Shall rich men still oppress and rob the poor?
And lowly men their cursed life endure?
Forbid it Heaven! and all good men below,
Unite to turn this tide of human woe!
Unite! Unite; and man's best feelings prove,
Till all are bound in bands of mutual love!

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